

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. IV.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1828.

No. 23.

"Prompt to improve and to invite,  
"We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

**Matilda Raymond,**

OR ONE OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES.

"Know thou this truth (enough for man to know)  
"Virtue alone is happiness below  
The only point where human bliss stands still,  
And tastes the good without the fall to ill."—POPE.

"My children," said an aged matron, addressing herself to her youthful granddaughters, Clara and Agnes Stewart, with the air of one deeply affected by her subject, and laying aside her spectacles to brush away a tear as she spoke, "my dear children! would that I could impress upon your tender minds the deleterious nature of pride, and how doubly deleterious it is in the effects which it produces, when accompanied by poverty."

The two lovely girls, who were busily chatting on the all-important subject of dress, and wishing they could afford to emulate, in that particular, Selina Matthews, the daughter of a rich neighbor, suddenly stopped; and turning to their grandmother, the tender Agnes affectionately inquired why she was so much affected by their idle talk.

"You bring to my remembrance, my dear girls," she replied, "by, may I not say, your overweening fondness for extrinsic ornament, the untimely fate of one, who was once beautiful as the morning, and happy as the sweet songsters that carol in the grove, when the balmy breath of Spring sends forth its sweets, and the buds and the flowers regale the senses, with their beauty and their fragrance: but she listened to the suggestions of vanity, the whisperings of pride were obeyed, and the happiness of the once humble and unaspiring Matilda was blasted in the bud. As example has ever been considered of more avail than precept, I will relate her sad story; and may it serve as a beacon to warn my beloved girls of some of the rocks and quicksands on which, in the uncertain voyage of life, the barques of the young and inexperienced are but too frequently wrecked."

"Now hush Agnes," said the lively Clara, "that we may hear grandmother's story; for you know we always delight in her stories."

"This is not such an one as you have been accustomed to hear, Clara, it is a tale of truth, and one from which I trust both you and Agnes will derive instruction; for you know not what

a spring of sorrow the relation of it will open in my aged breast—but to my story.

The parents of Matilda Raymond, the heroine of my tale, were honest and respectable people, belonging to what is called the middling class of society, and living in a small town in the north of England. Their family consisted but of two daughters of whom Matilda was the eldest, her uncommon beauty, joined to easy and engaging manners and a pleasant disposition, rendered her the delight of her parents and friends, and the admiration of all who beheld her. The days of her infancy and childhood glided peacefully and happily away—the dawn of womanhood broke upon her enraptured vision unsullied by a cloud; and the golden beams of hope illuminated to her youthful imagination the dark shadows that envelope futurity, clothing it with a magic beauty reflected from their own bright tints.

There was one whose hopes were as sanguine as her own, and who shared in all her anticipations of future bliss—Edgar Maynard was the chosen of her heart, the one with whom she hoped to tread, what she then deemed, the ever flowery paths of life; for having never experienced the heart-chilling blasts of adversity, she had scarcely bestowed a thought on the various calamities which, at one period or another of their lives, generally mark the career of even the most fortunate of human beings. Edgar was in every respect worthy of her love; his affection for her, I have often thought, approached to idolatry. They were engaged, and Matilda's eighteenth birthday was the time appointed for their marriage. With what fond expectations of happiness did Edgar look forward to the happy period in which they should be united in that solemn compact, which would constitute them the participators of the joys and sorrows of each other, through all the vicissitudes incident to this sublunary scene.

The winter in which Matilda entered her seventeenth year, was passed by her with a distant relation, a widow lady, residing in London, whose time was spent in a constant round of fashionable amusements; and who, her own beauty being in the wane, was anxious for the company of her youthful relative, in the hope that the surpassing loveliness of her person, and the graces of her manner would serve as a magnet to draw to her splendid levees (which the preceding winter she had suffered the mortification of seeing almost wholly deserted) the giddy and thoughtless triflers of the day.

"To what subterfuges will not the vanity of woman lead her to descend! To what arts will she not resort, when her mind has become enervated, and her heart vitiated, by a too constant exposure to the vices and follies of fashionable life!—And all, to attract around her a crowd of heartless beings, who would be the last to console her in the hour of affliction, to administer to her necessities, were she bending beneath the iron grasp of poverty, or were she no more, to drop a tear to her memory!"

"Though Mrs. Walton could not but look with an eye of envy on the young and lovely Matilda, whom she honoured with the appellation of the beautiful rustic; yet she spared neither trouble nor expense in the adornment of her person, and succeeded but too well in inspiring her young mind with a taste for that extravagant style of dress and living, which seemed to her so indispensable to happiness. With so fair an ally she entered upon her winter campaign with renovated spirits; not doubting but among their many visitors some would be led captive by her maturer charms, aided by superior management and *finesse*, in defiance of those of the youthful Matilda. As this was a last effort, all her forces were brought into action, for the purpose of bringing about that grand result, by her so ardently desired, matrimony. I have said it was a last effort; for her finances had become so reduced by her extravagance, as to preclude the possibility of her long continuance in that expensive mode of living to which she was so strongly attached. She must either retrieve them by marriage, or retire to the country and die of *ennui*; for the thought of living in London, among her fashionable friends, on the shattered wreck of her once princely fortune, was not to be endured.

"We will pass over the details of that routine of folly and dissipation into which the hitherto unpracticed Matilda was plunged; suffice it to say, that it ended in the marriage of Mrs. W— with a fortune hunter; in which, they were mutually deceived; mutual recriminations of course ensued—a separation succeeded—she retired from the world to mourn over the failure of her schemes, and Matilda returned to the home of her infancy; where she was welcomed with the smiles of parental and sisterly affection, and greeted by Edgar with all that ardour which might be expected in a fond and youthful lover.

"But how changed was that lovely being, who was once the life and happiness of the little domestic circle;—The naturally sweet tones of her voice were lost in an affected and fashionable drawl—the accents of peace and content had given place to the voice of repining—and Edgar, the amiable Edgar, was repulsed with scorn.

"Oh! never may you be doomed, as was the mother of Matilda, to see the child that you have fondly nurtured, into whose bosom you have endeavoured to implant humility and

an undeviating love of rectitude, so sadly wander from an observance of the precepts which your maternal solicitude had so often led you to inculcate!—from this, my dear girls, may God in his mercy ever spare you!"—here tears and sighs, which she had vainly endeavoured to suppress, stopped her utterance.

"Do not afflict yourself, dearest grandmother, by relating any more!" exclaimed Agnes, throwing her arms round the old lady's neck and affectionately kissing the tears from her cheeks.

"I would rather, my love," she replied, "finish my sad tale—I had thought, indeed, that my tears ere this had been exhausted; but the kindly fount which nature has given to ease the bursting heart; though drained by repeated afflictions is seldom dry—but this is wandering from my story—and now if you will give me your attention I will resume it.

"Matilda, as I said before, was changed—she laboured under a perpetual struggle of contending emotions—her love for Edgar on the one hand, and her newly acquired passion for all the 'pomp and circumstance' of high life on the other. Competence and a life of comparative retirement with Edgar, whom she could not conceal from herself she still loved, or to move again in the circles of fashion the wife of Sir Harry Dashwood—these were offered to her acceptance—one proposition or the other must be rejected—she hesitated—the vanities of the world prevailed—Edgar was dismissed—Sir Harry accepted; and the deluded Matilda, now Lady Dashwood, returned to the metropolis; again to whirl awhile in that vortex of folly and dissipation, by which the votaries of fashion are so often plunged into irremediable ruin and despair."

"And what became of Edgar?" anxiously inquired Agnes.

"For some months, the world to him was a blank; but as he slowly awakened from that lethargy of the mind to a perception of his misery, with his returning faculties also returned a portion of that energy of character for which he had ever been distinguished. Though deeply sensible that the countless ligaments by which his heart was bound to Matilda, and which had gathered strength with his increasing years, were not to be severed at once; yet he set himself about the task, that her unfaithfulness had so cruelly began, of eradicating from his bosom, a passion which could not without criminality be longer indulged, with the consciousness that she was not the faultless being that he had fondly imagined her to be; and that under her semblance, he had so long and so devotedly worshipped: he found consolation in the duties of religion and in the society of her sister, the gentle and pitying Emily, whom he afterwards married."

"Oh! then his love didn't kill him, it wasn't so very wonderful after all," interrupted Clara, with a look almost, of disappointment.

"Not of that kind, perhaps, on which you and Agnes are so fond of dwelling, and of which you have so often read in works of imagination; such love, I presume, seldom exists but in the brain of the poet or the novelist. To have come up to the standard which the admirers of this romantic passion have fixed as the test of genuine love, Edgar should have immolated himself on the altar of disappointed affection, as do the Hindoo widows on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands: but reason and religion teach better things; and the mind of man is so constituted that, if he but possess these precious gifts, the instances are few in which he sinks under his afflictions, however severe."

*(Concluded in our next.)*

### The Long Pack.

*(Concluded.)*

The way that he was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up towards his breast and his feet and legs stuffed into a wooden box; another box a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvass around this he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass "villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here.—But I should not call him villain" said he, again softening his tone, "for he is now gone to answer at that bar, where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the false one. We can judge only from appearances; But thanks to our kind Maker and Preserver that he was discovered, else it is probable that none of us should have again seen the light of day." These moral reflections from the mouth of old Richard by degrees raised the spirits of Edward; he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and for the first time, since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith it was lucky that I shot then," said Edward; but neither of his companions answered good or bad. Alice, though rather grown desperate, behaved and assisted at this bloody affair better than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were of curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith it was a mercy that I shot after all," said Edward;

"for if we had loosed him out, we should have been all dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye Richard, Providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us and rob our master's house; there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas, often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through and shift in the mind with as much velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night.

On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night. How he would break the legs of one—shoot another through the head—and scatter them like chaff before the wind. He would rather shoot one robber on his feet or on horseback than ten lying tied up in packs; and then what a glorious prey of pistols he would get from the dead rascals—how he would prime and load and fire away with perfect safety from within!—how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and all would go on with the noise and rapidity of a windmill, and he would acquire everlasting fame. So high was the young and ardent mind of Edward wrought up by his train of ideas, that he was striding up and down the floor while his eyes gleamed as with a tint of madness. "Oh! if I had plenty of guns, and nothing to do but to shoot, how I would pepper the dogs!" said he with great vehemence, to the no small astonishment of his two associates, who thought him gone mad. "What can the fool mean?" said old Richard, "what can he ail at the dogs?" "Oh, it is the robbers that I mean," said Edward. "What robbers, you young fool?" said Richard. "Why do not you think that the pedlar will come back at the dead of the night to the assistance of his friend and bring plenty of help with him too?" said Edward. "There is not a doubt of it," said old Richard. "There is not a doubt of it," said Alice, and both stood up stiff with fear and astonishment. "Oh merciful heaven! what is to become of us," said Alice again. "what are we to do?" "Let us trust in the Lord," said old Richard—"I intend in the first place to trust in old Copenhagen," said Edward, putting down the frizzel, and making it spring up again, with a loud snap five or six times; "but good Lord! what are we thinking about I'll run and gather in all the guns in the country." The impulse of the moment was Edward's monitor.—Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the Colonel's retainers, whom he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at 8 o'clock they had twenty five men in the house, and sixteen loaded pieces including Copenhagen, and the four pistols found on the deceased.—These were dis-

tributed among the front windows in the upper stories, and the rest armed with pitch forks, old swords, and cudgels kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself with a comrade at a window immediately facing the approach to the house, and now, backed as he was, by such a strong party, grew quite impatient for another chance with his redoubted *Copenhagen*. All, however remained quiet, until an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind-call; so, without warning any of the rest, he sets his head out of the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes.—This alarmed the guards as not knowing the meaning of it; but now they were astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance. The state of anxiety into which this sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their master's great wealth and even their own fates, was soon to be decided, and none but he who surveys and overrules futurity, could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut short, every gun was cocked and pointed toward the court gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe, by the dim light of the starry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance.—In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased as they approached to the noise of thunder, and in due course a body of men on horseback, according to the account given by the Colonel's people, exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court gate. Edward unable to restrain himself any longer fired *Copenhagen* in their faces; one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring toward the hall door—This discharge was rather premature as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the windows. It was however the watch word to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds, the whole sixteen guns, were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception they met with. Edward and his comrade ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise and galloped off without them; but the club below warmly protested against their opening the doors till day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their birth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one; they saw and heard a part of their fellow creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet

durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprise. An hour or two after this great brush, Edward and his messmate descended again and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which after some disputes was granted.

They found only four men fallen, who appeared to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "there's the chap that I shot." The other three were without at a considerable distance from each other.—They durst not follow their tracks farther, as the road entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their posts without touching any thing.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses' feet a second time, which however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friends were almost frightened out of their wits, at seeing as they thought, the dead man within the gate, endeavoring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entered their brains, they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbors. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision, and they all remained in anxious incertitude, until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood, and the morning's alarms by the ghost and the noise of horses, had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men, that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crowds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some inquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road to the wood. The Colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighborhood, so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices, which if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evidently. Dr. Herbert, the physician who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the Colonel, by post, concerning the affair, but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Then indeed advertisements were issued and posted up in all public places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late.—All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by

medical men, and a most extensive search made, but to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured.—Some indeed were missing, but plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done. But certain it is, sundry of these were never seen any more in the country, though many of the neighborhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect. The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The Colonel then caused him to be buried at Bellingham; but it was confidently reported, that his grave was opened, and his corpse taken away. In short, not one engaged in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The Colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally—Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers among the servants every night.—Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham. Edward was made the Colonel's game-keeper, and had a present of a fine gold mounted gun given him. His master afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments.—He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenoy, but recovered, and retiring on half-pay, took a small farm on the Scottish side.—His character was that of a brave, but rash officer; kind, generous, and open-hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his knee and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the *Long Pack*.

Alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! he hath many years ago submitted to the conqueror of all mankind.—His brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his gray hairs recline in peace on that pillow from which his head shall be raised only when time shall be no more.

## BIOGRAPHY.

“Of man, what see we but his station here.”

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

### James G. Percival.

Dr. James G. Percival, a name familiar to every lover of poetry, not only in our own country, but wherever the English language is spoken, was born on the 15th of September in 1795, in the town of Berlin, Connecticut. His early education was superintended by his father, a physician and a gentleman of large acquirements; but who, dying in 1806, left his son at the age of eleven years, to the charge of less interested instructors. His education was, however, pursued with vigour; and the facility with which he acquired knowledge, and his

fondness for the poetry of the ancients, gave evidence of that strength of mind, and that refinement of taste, which have since been employed to the delight of so many readers. In 1811 he entered Yale College, where he graduated in 1815; and in 1820 he took the degree of M. D. at New-Haven. During his collegiate course, and the subsequent period devoted to medical studies, the mind of Dr. Percival held frequent communings with the muse, as was amply demonstrated by the appearance of his first volume of poems, in 1821. Previous to this, occasional effusions from his pen had found their way into the columns of various periodical and daily journals, and prepared the public mind to expect high gratification from so gifted a source. Nor was it disappointed. The sweet and various flowers of poesy with which this volume—a sort of intellectual garden—abounded, attracted the eye on every page, and at once entitled the author to a proud place among the sons of song. Its contents were poetry, in the true sense of the word—poetry such as he has himself described;

“ ‘Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move  
In measured file and metrical array;  
‘Tis not the union of returning sounds,  
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,  
And quantity, and accent, that can give  
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,  
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.”  
“ ‘Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,  
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,  
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,  
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments  
That overload their littleness. Its words  
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break  
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full  
Of all that passion, which on Carmel, fired  
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,  
His language winged with terror, as when bolts  
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,  
And missioned to affright us, and destroy.”

The first number of *Clio* was published during the following year, in Charleston, whither we believe, its amiable author had gone for the benefit of his health. During his residence in that city, a number of poetic effusions, from his pen, under the signature of P. appeared in the Charleston newspapers; whence they were copied throughout the United States, on account of their uncommon intrinsic excellence, without its being known by whom they had been written. One of these, *The Dissipated Husband*, is exceedingly touching and beautiful, and has been read, and treasured in memory, by almost every one who professes fondness for poetry. The second number of *Clio*, issued from the press at New-Haven, on the return of Dr. Percival to that place; soon after which *Prometheus*, a poem of nearly four hundred Spenserian stanzas, made its appearance. The next year a selected edition of the writings of this sweet poet was published, by Charles Wiley, in this city, in one large octavo volume, containing about four hundred pages, which was republished in London, by Miller, in 1824. Besides the productions which we have enu-

merated, a poem, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa, of New-Haven, has been printed in Boston, and, quite recently, the third number of Clio, in New-York. He has also compiled a work, in six octavo volumes, entitled *Elegant Extracts*, the contents of which have been selected and arranged with unusual taste and skill. It has been stereotyped by the publishers, and will doubtless rank as a standard work in English literature.

The reader who peruses what we have written of Mr. Percival, may well say that we have given a history of his publications, rather than of his life; and those who have taken any interest in the literature of our country, needed not such information, being necessarily well acquainted with his productions, if not with the dates of their appearance. But these are the principal facts of interest which we have been able, or which it was necessary, to procure. Poets, more than any other class of men, owing to the peculiar delicacy and sensitiveness of their temperament, shrink from the public gaze, into "the calm, secluded vale of life." They seek to be known but by the written transcript of their minds; and few arrive at the distinction to be in that way so widely known and so generally admired, as the subject of these brief remarks.

Dr. Percival resides in New-Haven, where he is at present engaged in literary pursuits. As a man, he sustains a most amiable character. The natural delicacy of his constitution, the early loss of his parent, and the obligation, which necessity has imposed upon him, of mingling in the business and bustle of life—though timid and sensitive in an unusual degree, and warmly disposed to the retirement of literary seclusion—have thrown over his mind a slight tinge of melancholy, which frequently contributes very largely to the touching sweetness of his song. In manners he resembles Addison, in disposition, the eccentric and excellent Goldsmith, and in mind he possesses the Herculean vigour of Johnson, combined with the tuneful equability of Pope. His blank verse, like Cowper's, is characterized by fulness and eurythmy of language, boldness of imagination, and chasteness of sentiment; and Prometheus, the longest of his effusions, bears the traces, on every page, of a mind, deeply imbued with classic lore, possessing an accurate knowledge of external nature, and not a stranger to the secret workings of the heart. Our author has written much, and he has written well; but we hope he will write much more, though we cannot expect him to write much better. The public seize his effusions with eager avidity, and peruse them with never-flagging delight; and to him we may well say, in the language of Virgil,

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?  
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri,  
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec, quæ  
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

What shall I render for thy tuneful lay?  
Not wave-lash'd shores, the south-wind's whispering play,  
Nor, 'midst the valleys, streamlets, as they swell  
Their rippling music, please me half so well.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

### Common Sense, in Dishabille.

#### HE IS A GENIUS.

Almost every parent will say of his son, "He is a genius."—Why? Because, from a very natural and innocent prejudice, he believes he is a very extraordinary boy. If genius met with sufficient encouragement, and your son happened to be one of these rare birds, it might be well to assist him in his flights.—If he is not, never lead him into a fatal error.

I seldom spend an evening at my neighbor Meanwell's but he employs one half his time in praising the uncommon talents of his darling Sammy. He is called upon to speak a number of declamations he has learned at school: his oratory has just as much merit as the parrot's. His writing and cyphering books are shown as prodigies of improvement; they prove that he has had an inattentive master, and is a very careless scholar. The fond father believes him to be a natural poet: true he is fond of reading ballads, has been taught to repeat a number of hymns by heart, and like most children, is fond of the tinkling of rhyme. He has proceeded so far as to compose a few couplets, that would be a sufficient antidote to the poetic mania. His little tricks are related as marks of sagacity or flights of genius. I am tired of hearing them. He is neither more nor less than other boys; and his father is like many other men. 'Tis a pity a lad should be made a fool, because he happens to be thought a genius. How often is a lad sent to college, because he is unfortunately mistaken for an uncommon youth!—A father, who has not spare dollars enough to bring up his son at college, would do well never to force him from the beaten track of "honest industry;" it has peace and plenty on the right hand and on the left. A good common education and the habit of industry are worth more to a young man, than the dear-bought and ill-merited A. M.—Many may flutter on the artificial wings of genius; but few can soar above their fellow creatures. A real genius is a very rare thing; not to be seen in every family, except by the eye of dotage or ignorance. If a boy, from the productions of his leisure hours, that his mates devote to play, can produce a masterly specimen of mechanical genius, encourage his exertions, and let him follow the bent of his mind. If he discover an early propensity to study, will be industrious in the field, and forfeit the past-times of youth, for the entertainment of his books, becomes master of his Pike, and a proficient in philosophy and history, let him

drink his fill at the pierian spring—he will be a scholar. But if he is distinguished for nothing but his flights of fancy, love of poetry, novels and plays, tie him to the tail of the plough, rather than send him to college. Fancy, without judgment, is a fine ship without a rudder; it had better lie at anchor in a safe harbour, than be let adrift on the ocean.—And genius, without application and economy, is a mere *ignus fatuus*; while it promises to guide the bewildered object to the temple of fame, it leads to the vale of oblivion.

### Robbery—Robbery.

As a *country printer* was returning—“melancholy and sad”—from an attempted collecting excursion, he was met by a foot pad, who demanded his money. Why I am a printer—and you might as well attempt to extract oil from turnips or varnish from cucumbers, as to get money from me. A painter, hey! I want none of your oil or varnish—give me your money!! Why, sir, I am a printer, a “type-setter,” a type-sticker, and money is as scarce as down upon a hog’s back. Your types and sticks will not answer my purpose—your money!—your money!!—vociferated the bravo. During this dialogue, the “type-setter” stood perfectly composed—“nothing daunted”—with one hand in his thread-bare pantaloons’ pocket, fingering the contents, which was an old copper, two cents, and three tin composing rules. He, however, submitted to be searched—when lo! and behold!! the foot-pad found in one pocket as above described—in an other five old types—in another his wallet, which contained twenty-five due bills for various sums, none, however, for more than eleven and eleven pence, and all out-lawed by the statute of limitation. He then seized his old beaver, (which contained enough of a necessary ingredient to make at least a barrel of soap) where he found sundry old newspapers and a bundle of two hundred and fifty accounts for his paper, hand-bills, advertisements, &c. &c. Some of them of several years, standing.—Thus, on discovering his occupation, the robber promised never again to stop a country printer for his money.

If the above is not true, it might be almost every time a “type-setter” goes out on a collecting excursion.—*Schenectady Cabinet.*

### Social Hints.

When I see a young man, the nature of whose business imperiously demands all his attention, loitering about public houses, spending his time and money, and what is of as much, if not more consequence, his respectable standing in society, then I say to myself, if he does not “tack ship he will be on a lee shore, among the breakers.”

When I see young married persons launching out into great extravagancies, beyond what their pecuniary circumstances will admit, then I say to myself you had better “haul aft, and run

closer the wind, or you will soon have to make a losing stretch to get to the windward again.”

When I see parents indulging their children in every thing their little fancies prompt them to desire after, then I say to myself, your children will soon be your masters, and it is very probable, should they come to years of maturity, they will be a cause of trouble to you in your old age, and by their improper conduct, “bring down your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.”—*Sat. Ev. Post.*

*New System of Punctuation.*—At a dinner table, a short time ago, one of those non-descripts called a *Dandy* was seated at the top, and an honest plain dealing farmer at the bottom. During dinner time, a great many affectedly polite speeches were made by the beau, and a great many coarse ones by the farmer. When cheese was introduced, the fop, in an affected tone, asked the company whether they would take the cheese, and whether they preferred the *pure* or *impure*. On asking the farmer this question, the old man replied—“Hang your *pure* or *impure*, give me some of the *masty*!” “Sir,” says the *Dandy*, “I must beg leave to tell you, that you have made many very insolent speeches during dinner; and Sir if I have any repetition of your insolence, I shall place my thumb and finger on each side of your nose, and make a parenthesis of it,”—“A parenthesis? shall you?” says the old man—“then I shall put my fist in your face and make a full stop!”

### SUMMARY.

*The Croppy.*—It is stated in the English papers, that a new novel, entitled “The Croppy, or Orange and Green,” by Mr. Banin, was in preparation, and nearly ready for the press. The scene is laid in Ireland.

*Durazzi.*—This is the name of another new novel, which is soon to be published in London. It is from the pen of Mrs. Jameson.

A novel from the pen of a young lady of Cincinnati, under the title of the “American Patriot,” is about to be issued from the western press.

*Monument of George Canning.*—It is mentioned in the London Journal of the Belles-Letters, that nearly ten thousand pounds have been subscribed, almost without an effort, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Mr. Canning.

### MARRIED,

At Austerlitz, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Erastus Brown, Mr. Warren Stevens, of Claverack, to Miss Emmeline Burton, of West Stockbridge.

In Ghent, on the 3rd inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wyncoop, John I. Jacobia to Miss Catharine Hoysradt, all of that place.

### DIED,

In this city, on the 10th inst. Mr. Joseph Wiltsey, in the 51st year of his age.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Jane Reed, formerly of Scituate, R. I. consort of Joseph Reed of this place, aged 30.

On the 30th ult. John H. Beekman, in the 10th year of his age, son of Fletcher M. Beekman, Esq.

At Albany, on Saturday morning, the 27th inst. John W. Yates, Esq. cashier of the New-York State Bank, in the 59th year of his age.

At Great Barrington, on the 20th ult. Mrs. Abigail Lightbody, consort of Mr. John Lightbody, aged 71.



**POETRY.**  
FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.  
LINES

*Suggested by the sudden Death of a Child.*

“ But know, that thou *must render up the dead* ;  
And with high interest too. They are not thine ;  
But only in thy keeping for a season,  
Till the great promised day of restitution ;  
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump,  
Of strong lunged cherub, shall alarm thy captives,  
And rouse thy long long, sleepers into life,  
Day-light and liberty.”—BLAIR.

Why revel Death, on face so fair ?  
When thousands of our feeble race,  
With wasted frame, and wrinkled care—  
Impatient hail thy cold embrace.  
Strange such, that thou shouldst hie thee by,  
And coil in ambush in the bud ;  
Or loved in folded leaves to lie,  
And unsuspected seize thy food.  
Sometimes more gradual in thy step,  
Progressing slow from day to day ;  
Unwearied, like the bee that sips  
The honied sweets of flower away.  
So from the fount of life, thou tastes,  
Absorb'st by drops the vital stream ;  
By slow degrees the rivulet wastes,  
And death dissolves “ life's feverish dream.”  
For bright realities now glow,  
More brilliant than the orb of day ;  
Celestial draughts perennial flow,  
From Him who gave its brightest ray.  
Then revel, Death ! exert thy skill,  
Stretch to the point thy boldest art ;  
There is a Power, thy voice shall still,  
And crush thine adamantine heart.  
Now stalk the hills and sunny plain,  
The mountains high, and spacious sea ;  
Thou canst not rest till all are slain :  
But thou the *Victim* ! then shalt be.

**THE LYRE.**

There was a lyre, 'tis said, that hung  
High waving in the summer air ;  
An angel hand its chords had strung,  
And left to breathe its music there.  
Each wandering breeze that o'er it flew,  
Awoke to wilder, sweeter strain,  
Then ever shell of mermaid blew,  
In coral grottoes of the main  
When, springing from the rose's bell,  
Where all night he had sweetly slept,  
The zephyr left the flowery dell,  
Bright with the tears that morning wept ;  
He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre,  
Waved lightly his soft azure wing ;  
What touch such music could inspire !  
What harp such lays of joy could sing !  
The murmur of the shaded rills,  
The birds that warbled sweetly by,  
And the soft echo from the hills,  
Were heard not, when that harp was nigh.  
When the last light of fading day,  
Along the bosom of the west,  
In colours softly mingled lay,

When night had darkened all the rest,  
Then softer than that fading light,  
And sweeter than the lay, that rung  
Wild through the silence of the night,  
When solemn philomela sung,  
That harp its plaintive murmurs sighed  
Along the dewy breeze of even ;  
So soft and sweet they swelled and died,  
They seemed the echoed song of heaven.  
Sometimes, when all the air was still,  
Nor e'en the poplar's foliage trembled,  
That lyre was nightly heard to thrill  
Tones that no earthly tones resembled ;  
And then, upon the moon's pale beams,  
Unearthly forms were seen to stray,  
Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams  
Would oft around the wild harp play.  
But soon the bloom of summer fled—  
In earth and air it shone no more ;  
Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead  
While heaven its wintry sternness wore.  
One day, loud blew the northern blast—  
The tempest's fury raged along—  
O for some angel, as it passed,  
To shield the harp of heavenly song !  
It shrieked—how could it bear the touch.  
The cold, rude touch of such a storm,  
When e'en the zephyr's seemed too much  
Sometimes, though always light and warm !  
It loudly shrieked—but ah, in vain—  
The savage wind more fiercely blew ;  
Once more—it never shrieked again,  
For every chord was torn in two !  
It never thrilled with anguish more,  
Though beaten by the fiercest blast ;  
The pang, that thus its bosom tore,  
Was dreadful—but it was its last.  
And though the smiles of summer played  
Gently upon its shattered form,  
And the light zephyr o'er it strayed,  
That lyre they could not wake or warm.

**ENIGMAS.**

“ And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
“ Despise not the value of things that are small.”

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

**PUZZLE I.**—Fifty      L  
Nothing      O }  
Five      V } LOVE.  
First fourth of Each      E  
**PUZZLE II.**—Chin-a

**NEW PUZZLES.**

**I.**  
My first may clearly be described  
In every city, town or hamlet :  
My second's of my first the pride,  
Or decked in silk, or lowly cambré :  
He who my total can acquire  
May think himself completely happy,  
“ And sit beside his cheerful fire,  
And laugh, and joke, and take his nappy.”

**II.**  
My first tries to deceive every body,  
My second ought not to deceive any body  
And my whole may be aimed at every body.

**RURAL REPOSITORY.**

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One  
Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM  
B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office  
and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and  
Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may  
be left, or transmitted through the post office.

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